

# THE REGISTER

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BOSTON LATIN  
SCHOOL

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXII., No. 8

APRIL, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

## C L A S S P O E M

Once more, O Alma Mater, yet once more  
Fast fleeting time, with his relentless hand,  
Doth swiftly haste to close for one more class  
The last short chapter of its happy life  
Within thy home-like walls. Soon, Oh full  
soon  
Will come the hour when we, thy grateful  
sons,  
Must say to thee a long and last farewell,  
Before we leave thy kindly doors fore'er  
To scatter in the tumult of the world.

Soon shall we look on these last few hours  
As on a misty dream, unreal and vague  
As memory's vision of our former selves  
When first we sought thy guidance and thy  
care.

Can we be those same small boys who, years  
ago,

Timid and small, with wonder and with awe,  
First stepped within these now-familiar walls?  
Can we be they who, in this very hall  
First seated in amongst the assembled school,  
So proud and happy and important felt  
In giving each his humble share to form  
The strength of that great whole? Can we be  
they

Who with such reverent admiration gazed  
Upon the heroes of that senior class  
And envied them the height of glory won!  
Can we be they who, one year later, looked  
With such disdainful condescension down  
Upon the one poor class whom they could boast  
To be above? Can we believe that they,  
Those far-off creatures of a fading past,  
Stand here to-day in such a different guise,

Their thoughts so changed, their old illusions  
lost?

If some malicious sprite had come to us  
When we were gazing with such envious awe  
At those proud heroes of our youthful days,  
If he had shown us one brief glimpse ahead  
Into the hidden future of our lives  
And let us know how we ourselves should feel  
When we had reached that pinnacle of pride,  
How disappointed would we then have been  
To see that independent goal of youth  
Mark to us only one short stage achieved.  
But now we proudly put it in its place  
Among the greater eras of our lives.  
The pioneer of all that are to come,  
The root from which they all will draw their  
strength.

No longer, class-mates, can we stand as one,  
United in our work and in our play ;  
And many various roads before us lie,  
To separate us more and more each day.  
Onward we haste and part with eager joy  
And all the confidence that youth can give,  
Equipped with all the best that men can teach,  
To stay with us and guard us while we live.

But ever and anon, as on we go,  
Our paths will cross and we shall meet once  
more ;

Then, Alma Mater, will thy memory  
Arise to reunite us as of yore ;  
Then, whether we have come to be thy pride  
Or failed to profit by thy bounty free,  
Still shall we feel the tender chord unseen  
That binds us to each other and to thee.

CARL S. DOWNES.

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C L A S S O R A T I O N

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : —

For the second time in the history of the Latin School, the members of the graduating class celebrate the closing year of their school course on a day devoted exclusively to themselves. In former years the class-day exercises have been blended with those in commemoration of Washington. But the classes of 1902 and 1903, doubtless on account of their exceptional qualities, have been granted a special day on which to make memorable the years which they have passed here.

As we look back now to the day when we entered the school it seems a long time ago. Yet we have been kept busy ; the days, the months, and the years passed and we scarcely noticed their departure. Our school life within these walls has been most delightful, but perhaps we don't appreciate it as fully now as we shall later in life. The young man, leaving his country home to make his fortune, often does not realize how beautiful is his native town until he sees it no longer. Perhaps we, too, shall not know how charming and delightful have been our school-days until they belong to the past.

As I have said, our school-life here has been delightful. Yet I doubt whether the atmosphere in a public school like ours is as charming as that which we find in the private academy like Phillips Andover, or Exeter. It was my privilege to spend a year at a boarding-school, and though I was obliged to take breakfast every morning at seven o'clock or go without, I passed there one of the pleasantest years of my life. In the academy the students live together, they see more of each other, and their school life is their only life. They get more outdoor life than we do, and their enthusiasm runs higher. The editor of an academy paper is never obliged to spend any time writing edi-

torials, urging the students to support the athletic interests of the school by their presence at the games and contests. They come without any urging. The reason is obvious. In a high-school our interests are divided between home and school, whereas at an academy the school interests are the only interests. Altogether, there is something delightful, and almost romantic about the life in a boarding-school that a high school can never possess.

The public school, however, has some decided advantages over the private academy. We have none of the contemptible cliques that arise in the academy from differences of wealth and social position among the students. We have cliques, to be sure ; but they spring rather out of likenesses in temperament, than any consciousness in the fellows that their fathers own a larger amount of railroad stock than the fathers of some of their schoolmates. We are more democratic. The question of "pocketbook" is not nearly so conspicuous, in fact hardly conspicuous at all. The public school is not in any way dependent for its support upon tuition from those who attend, and therefore is more independent. Probably for this reason, the standard of scholarship can be kept higher. Perhaps, on the whole, the spirit in the public-school in comparison with the spirit in the private academy is broader and more catholic.

It is to be regretted, however, that, with all the advantages we enjoy in the city we do not have the great advantage which the student in the country possesses from his intimacy with nature. The influence of a country landscape, with its mountains, its rivers, and its forests, is a powerful factor in the moulding of character. If, as we worked from day to day, we tasted the pure country air unpolled with the dust and smoke of the city, if instead of these brick walls we saw extended plots of green grass,



with no policemen about to keep us off, if every day the rich meadows of a river valley met our gaze, with mountains rising in the distance, and we heard the songs of the birds instead of the music of the *burdy gurdy*, how much more exhilarating would be our school-life ; how greater power, I must believe, would the future recollections of our school-days have to inspire, to uplift, and “to invigorate and to heal !”

I question, also, whether we fully appreciate now the privilege we have in our opportunity to attend this institution, without doubt one of the best preparatory schools in the country. I have not the least doubt that a very respectable number of my classmates will tell you in the most emphatic terms that they consider some of the noblest studies of our curriculum far from beneficial in their results. Perhaps a sense of duty is oftentimes the only incentive that keeps a young student at his work. Doubtless, however, we shall believe, if we do not now, that our course of study has developed our powers as nothing else could.

Many of the things which we have spent so much time in learning we shall soon forget. Few of us, I think, will a year hence be able to conjugate the Greek *mi*-verbs, or decline the nouns of the Latin third declension. The fact that the battle of Salamis was fought in 479 B. C. may depart from our memory. But unfortunate indeed is he who can show nothing for his education but facts ; and still more unfortunate, we think, is he who cares for nothing but facts. Time, thought, and study give us something which we cannot exactly define. We call it education, development of the mind, or culture, which perhaps is a richer and more expressive term than the other two.

The results of this educational process, like all the best things in life, we feel rather than understand. We realize as the months, the years pass, that we have progressed, that whereas we were blind now we see. We cannot explain how. We are changed by a series

of influences, and the workings of an influence transcend all analysis. From day to day we are unaware of the development that is going on in our minds. Sometimes it seems to the young student battling with his work and meeting with only moderate success that he is standing still ; or, if the clouds that settle down on his mind are black enough, he may imagine that he is going backwards. But our moods are often falsifiers. We always do better than we know. Retrogression or halting is impossible as long as conscience and industry work together. Only as we look back over the weeks that have gone by do we see wherein our march has been an onward one.

The development of the human mind is indeed a marvelous process. We call our school preparatory, but in fact all schools are preparatory. All things in life, we might say, are preparatory. The conception of one thing prepares the mind for the conception of another. No sooner does the curtain rise than, deeper in the stage, another curtain throws back its folds, and we behold a fairer and more beautiful scene. Education begins with the cradle and never ends. Well does Emerson say : “Around every circle another can be drawn.” We learn that we may learn more ; we think that we may think more ; we love that we may love more ; “we are fearfully and wonderfully made !”

During the years of our school course we have pored over the classics, waded a little way into geometry, algebra, and physics, and have obtained some knowledge of ancient history. Most of us can heave a sigh of relief that the Harvard preliminaries no longer stare us in the face. To many of us the study of French has been fascinating and delightful. Some of us are now diving deep into the mysteries of the *Iliad*. Last and best we have become familiar with a few of the masterpieces of English literature. We have learned to appreciate, aye, what is better, we have learned to love them. We

have been stirred by the genius of Shakespeare, the sublimity of Milton, the thoughtfulness of Wordsworth. The headlong rapidity and ruggedness of Carlyle's style has been pleasing to us. Those of us who have had the courage to inquire further into the works of Emerson have found in them gems of the richest thought and, also, mines of obscurity. Sometimes we think we catch a glimpse of those vaster truths which have been the inspiration of mankind throughout the ages. We wait and fain would see more.

Now one era of our school life is fast drawing to an end, and soon we shall be knocking at the doors of the university. We have drunk at the springs of knowledge and found them sweet. We stand looking eagerly into the future wondering what it has in store for us. We are full of hope, and as yet few clouds have darkened our sky. To be sure, we feel a sense of mystery as we gaze into the unknown future before us, but this only adds to the charm. The ship has been launched, the sails are all set, the day is fair, and joyfully we move out of the harbor in quest of new lands!

Some of us are looking forward to a professional life; some may spend their lives in business, while others, perhaps, have not marked out any career for themselves. Very aptly did

the orator of the class of 1902 urge the necessity of deciding upon our life-work as soon as possible. Then our lives have a purpose, to spur us against difficulties, and to shield against discouragement. We may not all realize our ambitions, for our destinies are not in our hands. Yet if we put forth our best efforts and make the attainment of character the backbone of all our endeavors, our lives are a success, whether we rise to the height of fame, or die in obscurity. Success is not measured in dollars and cents, or in the magnitude of great achievements. Napoleon conquered nations and made empires obey his will. Epictetus lived and died a Roman slave. Yet whose name now shines the brighter?

My fellow-classmates, it behooves us to make the formation of character the ruling ambition of our lives. In the scramble for wealth and position that is always going on around us, let us keep our eyes upon something better than earthly gain. Let us be thankful that we live in this enlightened age with its many privileges and opportunities for education and culture. Let us work with zeal that we may be more useful to our fellowman; that we may leave the world a little better for having lived in it. Let us believe that the development of our highest manhood is a debt which we owe to ourselves, to our country, and to the progress of mankind.

EDWARD ESTABROOK BRUCE.

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## A CLASSIC FOOT-BALL GAME

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I WAS seated in the train bound for New Hampshire, my feet on one seat, and my head against the back of another. I had all the Thanksgiving vacation before me, and this fact, combined with the drowsy hum of a well-filled car, conspired to make me feel satisfied and sleepy. I settled back in my seat and fell into a reverie. My thoughts turned on what I knew of Rome and Roman authors. I mused

on Cæsar, Ovid, and Virgil, when suddenly I was startled from my reverie by a mighty shout.

I looked up, to find myself, not in the car, but seated in a vast amphitheatre in the midst of togad Romans. It was a gala day, evidently. On every side were noble youths and laughing maidens dressed in their gayest colors, while, scattered here and there through the throng, and giving a more sombre shade to the gay



spectacle, were stern, battle-scarred soldiers, some, perhaps, men who had fought under Cæsar. In front were the senators clad in robes of spotless white. One, especially, more stately than the rest, attracted my attention, and a thrill of joy ran through me as I recognized the famous Cicero. In a merry party near me, I also noticed Virgil. While I was studying his face, another shout drew my attention to the arena.

There on a gridiron—it was exactly like those of to-day—struggled two rival football teams. The men of one were dressed as Roman soldiers, those of the other as Gauls. The “backs” of both teams were conspicuous for their garments, which were those of men of high rank, and there was one Roman on the Gallic team, the quarter back. When I first noticed them, the two teams were in the middle of the field, but the Romans were steadily pushing their opponents back. The Romans’ quarter-back managed his team well, and would have done credit to any college of to-day. He appeared to know just what play would bring the best results, and, what was still better, his men seemed to have absolute confidence in him, and played their parts with a snap that was half the battle. At the end of fifteen minutes, they had forced their opponents back to their ten-yard line — when someone fumbled the ball.

Like a flash, the Gallic quarter-back, the Roman, broke through the mass with it. He was running well with a clear field before him, and with the players scattered along behind. I looked at him closely, and then looked again. It was Pompey the Great, making that run. It seemed as if he must make a touch-down; that he could not help it, but even as I looked, the quarter-back of the Romans drew forth from the pursuing crowd. Slowly he gained on Pompey; he was ten yards from him, five, four, two, one! He threw himself forward in a magnificent tackle, and the two fell together to the ground. The other players came up and fell upon the two in a mass of struggling bodies.

As the pile disentangled itself, I looked for him who had made that tackle. He stood with face toward me for an instant, and then I knew him for—Cæsar. The team lined up quickly, and I looked carefully at each man, beginning to recognize old friends. On Cæsar’s team were Mark Antony, Cassius, and Sabinus; on Pompey’s were Orgetorix, Ariovistus, and Vercingetorix.

The ball was soon in play again. Orgetorix and Ariovistus each went around the end for good gains, and the Romans were in despair. They lined up quickly on their own fifteen-yard line and once more opposed the Gallic team. Somehow Vercingetorix made a fumble, and in an instant Cæsar was off down the field with the ball. Directly before him was Pompey, poising himself for a tackle. Cæsar nerved himself for the effort. As he neared Pompey, he prepared to leap. There was a flash, and Cæsar was speeding on, safe! He ran on, while behind him the pounding of feet grew closer. A hand reached out, but with a desperate effort he threw himself forward and made a touch-down.

The whole amphitheatre went wild; the cheers were deafening. It seemed that he had made his touch-down when there was only half a minute more to play. Already the vast crowd was swarming over the enclosures into the field. By the time I had elbowed my way to where Cæsar was standing, an aedile had already begun a presentation speech, at the end of which he gave Cæsar a laurel wreath, resting on a basket of fruit. With wonderful grace, Cæsar donned the wreath and offered the fruit to those about him. I was lucky enough to have the basket passed to me, and I saw that it contained large, ripe plums. They looked delicious at a distance, but when I tasted one, it proved to be very sour. Before I could remark on this, a harsh voice rang through the crowd, “Farmington! Farmington!”

I had just time to gather up my bundles and leave the train. R. T. P. '05.

## THE SAFETY OF THE KING

---

THE brother-in-law of the king wanted the throne. Everyone knew it. He had even gone so far as to tell his friends so. But no one except the king himself, his sister, and a few of his most faithful associates, among whom were my brother Richard and myself, knew that Duke Baldwin had plotted for more than three years that he might obtain it. All his attempts hitherto had failed; but with determination to gain his point and aided by one of the most skilful of men, the Count von Rellim, he had decided to make one more attempt.

It was the last part of October. The king had remained very late at his summer residence in Mevon to hunt, which was his favorite pastime. It was an out-of-the-way place, about fifteen miles from Balch, the capital. He had arrived there in the latter part of August and I had gone with him, while my brother had remained at Balch.

One morning the king summoned me and said that I was to go on some important business for him, and ordered me to make ready as soon as possible, as he wished me to start in a very few moments. After I had put on my riding-boots, slipped a revolver into my pocket, and donned the insignia of my rank — that of a king's attendant — I went to him for further orders.

The king, after having dismissed his valet, told me that his sister had sent him word that her husband was to make his attempt soon. I was to go to Saxe, a village some thirty miles away, through which the Duke's agent would probably pass, and, in case he should come, it was my duty to delay him there until word could be sent to the king. Meanwhile my brother would stay at the palace in Balch in order that the news might not reach the servants there.

As soon as he had finished his instructions, I took a train for the capital, where I notified my brother and then took the express for Saxe.

Upon my arrival at the station, I found a man whom the king had sent as my valet, and he conducted me to the hotel, or rather, inn, where I was to stay, and where I found my baggage already arrived.

I remained here for more than a week, without hearing as much as a single word, either from the king or my brother, when one morning very early I received a message saying that the king was to go to Balch the following day and that I might be dismissed from my service. Hardly had I finished reading it, when a messenger brought another despatch from my brother, to the effect that Count von Rellim had started and was, contrary to expectation, taking a road which the king had not even thought of, so unfrequented was it. He ordered me to take the first train to one of the suburbs of Saxe, where he would have a horse in readiness for me to ride post-haste to the king.

"What time is it?" I demanded of my valet.

"A trifle after half-past seven, sir," he replied, wondering, no doubt, what there was in the despatch that made me so gruff.

"Bring me my riding-boots. Quick!" I added, as he was about to ask whether I would have breakfast before I should go riding so early in the morning.

While he went for the boots, I jumped into my riding suit, this time leaving off my insignia, took a revolver from its case, examined it carefully to see that it was properly loaded, and put it still more carefully in my pocket. After I was all ready to go — and I was soon ready — I gave my valet his instructions, and then we both ran to the station. I had just time to buy my tickets before the train rolled out.

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# Latin School Register 9

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The Duke had plotted well, and, had it not been for the king's sister's learning through one of the Duke's servants the particulars of the plan the king might now — ! But, no matter !

The Count was to start in the early morning, ride about ten miles, and, where this unfrequented road began, was to change horses and ride for the hunting lodge.

I knew that even now I might be too late, but, as I could hurry no faster, had to make the best of it. Before the train fairly stopped I was out, looking for my horse. It was in readiness for me ; and, asking the hostler the shortest way to the road, I mounted and started off, wondering why my brother had not been there himself to meet me.

I had a fine horse, as I fully realized before I arrived at the lodge, and it did not take long to reach the road on which was to take place the race which might determine the king's life. I drew rein a moment to see how the ground lay, but the next minute I was off. I had ridden some distance when I came to a sudden turn in the road. On rounding this, I saw, about half a mile ahead, a cloud of dust going in the same direction I was. This without any doubt was he whom I was pursuing, the Count von Rellim.

I spurred my horse and soon saw that I was gaining. We were about four miles from the

lodge and I well knew that I must stop him very soon. Nearer and nearer I came — his horse evidently had had a long journey. I shouted for him to stop. Turning his head slightly he saw that the space was rapidly diminishing, and, spurring his horse at the same time I did mine, made a fresh start and again widened the gap. He must not escape me ! Putting my hand in my pocket I drew my revolver — there is sometimes a need for such things in times of peace ; but just at this moment his horse stumbled and fell. Its rider jumped from his saddle and ran behind some shrubbery which grew on both sides of the road. I fired, but too late ; he had escaped me. I rode forward cautiously and dismounted. Hardly had I done so when the man stepped out from the bushes. I raised my hand to fire again ; but instead, with a startled exclamation, I stepped back — it was my brother !

When I saw that my own brother stood before my eyes, I stood as one paralyzed. But he immediately jumped on his horse and shouted, "Mount again ! The Count may even now be at the hunting-lodge."

And, indeed, I know that, had we not gone when we did, the issue probably would have been different ; for we had hardly as much as gained the lodge before the Count appeared — but the king was safe !

R. E. L. K. '03.

---

*Arete.*

Dry up.

*L'ancien maire s'assied sur un banc.*

The antiquated mare is seated on a bench.

*Ariete caeso.*

Having slaughtered his battering ram.

*L'elevage des abeilles.*

The raising of beans.

*Mais que voulez-vous?*

But what will you have?

---

*Il fait des eclairs.*

He is making eclairs.

*Cineri Sychaeo.*

The cinders of Sychaeus.

Force in Physics requires energy.

"Force" in life requires money.

*Resque esset iam ad extremum perducta casum.*

And the thing was on its last legs.

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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APRIL, 1903

CLASS Day has grown to be of considerable importance because of its separation from the exercises commemorative of Washington's birthday, and this important position naturally belongs to it. Until two years ago we endeavored to do two things at once, honor the memory of the "Father of his Country," and at the same time call some attention to the graduating class. Thanks to the class of 1902, we now have a separate class day, one that is peculiarly our own. To the thoughtful mind our Class Day presents a vista of joy mingled with sorrow. We rejoice in our young manhood, we have reached an advanced stage in our preparation for life's battles, and we thrill with the thought that, after one or two steps more, we ourselves shall be plunged into the whirl of life, to strive for success, and to beat down failures. We are almost ready to play our part in life's drama; we have only to add the few finishing touches and then we cut the ties that bind us to the shores of youth. Yet withal, there is a feeling of sadness in the midst of our joy. We can but think of what we are leaving, the school which has so long nurtured us, the ties of friendship which we would not willingly break, the familiar

scenes in which we have passed some of our happiest hours. These thoughts does Class Day arouse in our minds. Let the younger boy listen with critical and approving ear to the song, the poem and the oration. Let him envy us who have the privilege of conducting these exercises. Let him hope to be himself in our place soon. In the midst of our pleasure, in the midst of the song, the oration, or the poem, come crowding in the thoughts of what these signify. We are almost ready to say our last farewell; these exercises indicate our approaching departure. And what true son of *Alma Mater* does not feel pain at leaving the school he loves? Aye, crowd it down if we will, deny its presence if we can, yet from our inmost selves we cannot hide its existence. We smile and laugh and jest, and while we laugh the loudest, and while we jest the most hilariously, the pain of leaving is gnawing at our hearts most bitterly. The younger class boy envies us our position and longs for the time to come when he, too, may join in the Class Day exercises, to sing the song or read the poem, as chance may have it. To him we would say, "Improve your opportunities now. Now is the time for action, not to-morrow, not



next week." And yet, when we say "now," the conviction comes to us that there is no present. One moment we speak of the present; the next moment that present has become a past. But we do not intend to try to cast gloom over these exercises. Far from it! The skies are clear, the day is young, and so are we. What more can we wish? Let no one dare say we are not joyful. There is no reason why we should not be happy; and we are happy, happy in the knowledge that we leave this school with her benison upon us, happy that we leave her name untarnished by act of ours, and happy that we, as Latin School graduates about-to-be, are entrusted with the fair name of the best fitting school in the world.

The last meeting of the Massachusetts Inter-scholastic Press Association was held in the Girls' Latin School, Copley Square, March 21. There was a good number present, and many took part in the debate about the "Advantages and Disadvantages of a Paper run by a Society Within the School." Two more meetings are to be held; one April 18 at Malden High School, and the last one on May 2, at a place not yet decided upon. The debate at the Malden meeting is to be about the "Exchange Column," so called, and as there has been springing up a growing aversion to this column of late, a lively meeting may well be looked for, especially since the friends of the Exchange Column are very numerous. This meeting will be all over by the time this issue is published, and any who may be anxious as to the outcome may direct inquiries to the editor. At the meeting March 21, it was also voted to hold a dance a little later in the season.

Many school papers of late have been introducing a new department called the "Current Events Column." Now, of course, we are glad to see improvements in all school papers

and at first we thought that this was a good idea. On sober reflection, however, we came to the conclusion that we had been hasty in forming our favorable opinion of this column. We think this column an unnecessary part of the paper. We hold that a school paper should be devoted primarily to school news and school interests and secondly we think that it is almost, if not quite, as important a function of a school paper to awaken the literary abilities of the members of the school. Most young men and young women read the daily papers; from these they get their knowledge of the outside world and its happenings; therefore, it must be rather a stale subject for them to meet these same items of news with a little discussion on each one, in their school paper a week or two after they first saw them in the daily papers. Of necessity the news in a school paper must be somewhat old by the time it reaches the readers. What need is there then for adding more news which cannot help being stale to the average young man or young woman? Moreover, this column probably crowds out matter of import to the school which otherwise would have been inserted in its place. We should surmise that this column would be abused much as the "Exchange Column" is at present. It is amazing to what a small compass an "Exchange Column" can contract in one issue, and in the next number of the paper expand to a page and a half or more.

This is the season of the year that is most deadly to good marks. A warm, balmy atmosphere, mingled with the tonic of spring, insists on our being out of doors as much of the time as we possibly can. About this time of year sports begin to multiply. Baseball, tennis, and golf are all pleasures that a healthy young fellow with buoyant spirits must needs devote his time to. Truly, it is easy to be good when there is nothing to tempt us. In the same way it is easy to study when we have



no other occupations to divert our attention from our lessons. In the spring, from now till the end of school, it is as hard to spend an hour over one's books instead of taking a ride on one's wheel, or some similar diversion, as it is to persuade fellows that they ought to write for the REGISTER. The fellow that does not indeed yearn to be out of doors at this time of the year is certainly most abnormally constructed. We would advise such a one to take some spring medicine. However, the object of this rambling talk is not to expatiate on the glories of the season, but to call the attention of the school at large to the fact that we have a baseball team, a crew, and a golf team, which need the most hearty support of the whole school. Especially ought we

to stand by the baseball team. Many of the fellows will say "What's the use of going out to watch the team get defeated?" Why, it isn't the team that is sure of winning that we ought to support as much as it is the team that's new, raw, and apt to get rattled. Never does a school have so great a chance to show the true spirit as when it has the chance to stand by a losing team. However, the team is not going to lose, if it feels that it has the whole school at its back, and surely the baseball team and the crew as well, will give a good account of themselves, if supported to the last ditch. Now is the time to show there is such a thing as a "Latin School Spirit," and if such a thing does not exist now is the time to create one that will be as famous as Yale's fighting spirit.

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## THE CREATION OF A LATIN ESSAY

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WE look in the catalogue and see that a prize is to be given for an original Latin essay on any subject approved by the head-master. Our minds begin to work. What subject shall we choose? A long list suggests itself to us, and after much thought we select the one that appeals to us most. The subject selected, we now plan out what we want to say. We divide and sub-divide our thoughts and write the whole scheme on a large sheet of paper.

Now the work begins. We go to the library and get books on the subject selected. These we diligently read, and copious notes are extracted. The notes are to serve as the cement for our own thoughts. We dissolve the full meaning of the notes, and then with our mind saturated with a mixture of our own thoughts and those of others we make our first draft of the essay. This done, we go over the

whole again, connecting thoughts and putting ourselves into it entirely. We are to be in the essay as the bricks in a building, the notes are to appear as the cement which holds the bricks together. Next we take nice paper and carefully rewrite the whole essay in smooth and clear English.

Our task is now half done. All these beautiful and well-written English phrases must be turned into apparently bungling Latin. The sentences will seem to us to lose their lustre when set up on the pedestal of the dead language. Yet, to the Latin scholar, they will appear in all the glory they had in English, because a well-phrased thought is the same in one language as in another. Then we hand in our essay, in Latin that might not be Ciceronian, yet worthy of our talents, no doubt, and surely monumental evidence of our toil.

W. J. A. B.

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# Latin School Register 13

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Almost three weeks ago Mechanics Hall was resounding with the commands of the officers, the tramp of the cadets, and the applause of the spectators. That event, so eagerly and anxiously looked forward to by the majority of the school, namely, the Prize Drill, is over at last and both victors and losers have long since recovered from the excitement incident to this important occasion. The day, which at first threatened to become stormy, nevertheless presented a smiling front to the battalions on the march to the hall. The roads were somewhat muddy as the result of a rain the night before, but by avoiding the usual route by Warren avenue the boys arrived dry shod. The pony battalion at once proceeded with company drill, Co. H. being the first on the floor. Mahar and McMichael followed in rapid succession. Then came the first round of the Individual, which was followed by an exhibition by the drum and bugle corps. The Senior Companies followed quickly in the prescribed order. After the final rounds of the Individual, came the evening parade and award of prizes. Shanahan victoriously took charge of the salute to the colors, and of the parade, which was immediately followed by the award of prizes. Co. A., Captain Shanahan, captured First Senior, while the Second Senior went to Captain House, Co. B. The prize in the "pony" battalion went to Co. G., Captain Mahar. Sergeant J. H. Ramsey, of Co. C. captured

the First Individual medal, while Sergeant Marion, of Co. A. walked off with the Second Individual Prize.

As a whole, the drill was a most successful one. The company drills went off smoothly and swiftly, no captain taking more than the allowed time.

As the result of the drill the following roster has been filled out : —

Lieutenant-Colonel, W. J. Shanahan.  
Regimental Adjutant, F. W. Newcomb.  
Regimental Quartermaster, J. F. Wogan.  
Sergeant-Major,  
Quartermaster-Sergeant,  
Color Sergeant, S. A. Whitaker.  
Drum-Major, F. H. Stewart.

## *First Battalion.*

Major, E. E. House.  
Adjutant, A. A. Andrews.  
Sergeant-Major, W. M. Stone.

## *Second Battalion.*

Major, W. B. Mahar.  
Adjutant, A. R. Taylor.  
Sergeant-Major, Johnson.

## *Company A.*

Captain, A. W. Heath.  
Lieutenant, P. P. Marion.  
Lieutenant, W. W. Faunce.

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## Company B.

Captain, H. E. Wilson.  
Lieutenant, E. G. White.  
Lieutenant, F. L. Baxter.

## Company C.

Captain, W. A. Hanley.  
Lieutenant, J. S. Pfeffer.  
Lieutenant, E. A. Meserve.

## Company D.

Captain, F. D. Littlefield.  
Lieutenant, J. T. Tobin.  
Lieutenant, F. J. Comerford.

## Company E.

Captain, T. J. Hanlon.  
Lieutenant, C. S. Downes.  
Lieutenant, C. J. O'Donnell.

## Company F.

Captain, E. H. McMichael.  
Lieutenant, M. Grunberg.  
Lieutenant, W. J. A. Bailey.

## Company G.

Captain, F. W. McAcroy.  
Lieutenant, J. G. Long.  
Lieutenant, W. F. Temple.

## Company H.

Captain, F. H. Middleton.  
Lieutenant, C. J. Mundo.  
Lieutenant, R. C. Folsom.

At the drumming and bugling contests held at the school just before the prize drill, J. R. Ford won first prize in drumming, and W. P. English received honorable mention. In the bugling contest F. A. Willis won first prize and C. W. Tobin received honorable mention. The winners received their medals at the prize drill. The judges were Mr. William P. Henderson, Mr. James A. Beatly, director of the English High orchestra, J. D. Fogarty, drum sergeant E. H. S. drum corps, R. F. Ben-shimol, E. H. Casey, and Sergeant Hamburger of the E. H. S. bugle corps.

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“Things equal to the same things are equal to themselves.”

“If you take unequals from unequals you don't have much left.”

The above are Rooms 17 axioms, invented for the occasion.

Teacher (craftily):—“When is ‘ne’ used in result clauses?”

Pupil:—“In purpose clauses.”

Patient (to nurse):—“Will you please read this letter to me?”

Nurse:—“But there might be something in it you would not want me to know.”

Patient:—“That's so, read it over first to yourself and see if there is!”

*Tout d'abord.*

All aboard.

*Combien de livres avez-vous?*

How much do you weigh?

Teacher:—“‘When you and I and all of us fell down’—who said that?”

Pupil:—“I didn't hear anybody.

*Venit Upilio.*

He came uphill.

Gallagher, ex-'02, is a prominent candidate for the captaincy of the Freshman foot-ball team of Dartmouth.

Tucker, ex-'03, visited the school recently.

Teacher, severely (pointing out word):  
“*Quid est hoc?*”

Pupil absent-mindedly (chewing gum):  
“*Hoc est quid.*”

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# Latin School Register 15

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## DEDICATED TO "1903"

Tune, "Mr. Dooley."

### I.

Another year on pinions swift,  
Has fled for naughty three ;  
Another wave on Time's stern shore,  
Now echoes o'er the sea.  
With hopes set high and firm resolve,  
We launch forth Life's frail bark ;  
Away from Alma Mater's care,  
The course is drear and dark.

### CHORUS.

Oh, naughty three-ee, naughty three-ee,  
The greatest class the school has ever known ;  
*So studiosus et gloriosus ;*  
All hail our class, the class of naughty three.

### II.

The anchor weighed, the harbor cleared,  
We sail for the open sea ;

Nor storm nor tempest e'er can daunt  
The boys of naughty three.  
But comes the night, and with it storms,  
The gale blows hard and fast,  
The wandering barks are scattered far,  
When comes the day at last.

### CHORUS.

### III.

Our good ships sail both far and wide,  
Each one on some great quest,  
And each one wins deserved success,  
Success by Virtue blest.  
And when we all are gathered there,  
By the shore of Life's stern sea,  
We'll ever sing the good old song ;  
Success to naughty three.

### CHORUS.

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## A T H L E T I C S

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We have every reason to be proud of our basket-ball team. It has had more than ordinary difficulties to overcome and has done the school proud. There were four games which were not reported in the issue of last month ; including the game with South Boston which we won, 18 to 5, and the game with E. H. S. in which we defeated our old rivals, 15 to 5. Both these games were played in the drill hall and were well attended. The interest of the school has been aroused at last and we look for good teams in coming years. The following is the complete record of the 1903 team : —

B. L. S.,	9 ;	Everett High,	22.
B. L. S.,	6 ;	East Boston High,	13.
B. L. S.,	20 ;	Chauncy Hall,	6.
B. L. S.,	5 ;	East Boston,	9.
B. L. S.,	8 ;	Mechanics Arts,	5.
B. L. S.,	9 ;	West Roxbury,	25.
B. L. S.,	5 ;	South Boston,	18.
B. L. S.,	18 ;	South Boston,	5.
B. L. S.,	15 ;	E. H. S.,	5.
B. L. S.,	24 ;	Reading,	48.
B. L. S.,	12 ;	West Roxbury,	20.

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131

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BASEBALL.

After a while the muddle in the baseball team cleared away, and C. S. Barnett of the third class, an out-fielder on last year's team, was chosen captain for 1903. Practice has been somewhat delayed on account of the lack of a captain, but now the squad is well in hand. The Locust street grounds have been secured for practice and the squad did its first work there March 27. The squad, which at first numbered over fifty has gradually dwindled down, till now there are about two dozen still out for the team. Of last year's team Barnett, Mahan, and Shanahan are back. The six remaining positions must be filled by new men. We have good material however, and

after the nervousness that arises from inexperience has passed away, the team ought to be in good shape for the championship games. By the time this issue appears three games will have been played, with the Tech Freshmen, Groton, and Salem High. The championship season starts two weeks earlier this year than last, and this necessitates an early picking of the team and measuring for suits. The most likely candidates for the various positions are as follows : —

Catcher—Shanahan, Norton, Westfall, and Emery. Pitcher—House, Parker, Rogers and Johnson. Infield — Ramsey, McDonald, Packard, Atwater, Mahan, Marks, Sullivan, and Winneburgh. Outfield—Barnett, Lane, Tobin, McDonald, Sullivan, and Murray.

Lest some may be anxious about *The Horse* we wish to state that *The Horse*, as well as the rest of the school, has been taking a spring vacation. The last telegram we received from him stated that he was in excellent health and at that moment was enjoying the hospitality of *The Puerp* of the '01 staff, who has now married and settled down to business in New York.

The game with Dorchester High; April 11, was postponed till later in the season.

We wonder if anyone has noticed the increased number of ads. in the REGISTER. The staff, including *The Horse*, have been taking some spring medicine.

At the beginning of the season there were fifty-four candidates out for the baseball team—a goodly showing indeed.

Did you notice what remarkable interest there is in the drill since the Prize Drill?

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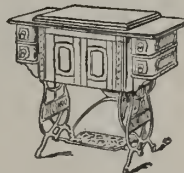
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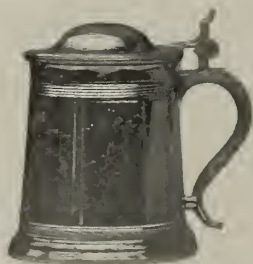
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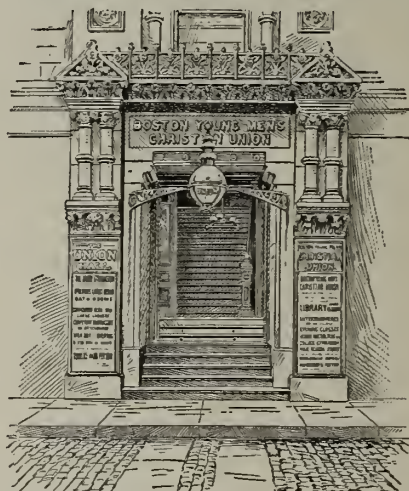
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